

The Sister gave him her crucifix; he looked long at it, and held it tightly. After the prayers for the dying were said the Sisters returned home to pray.

At noon the message came from the priest: "Charlie died at eleven o'clock. I was with him and gave him the last absolution. He was conscious, and said to me, 'It was Bessie's prayers; tell her I died happy.'"

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I found myself absorbed in the closely written pages of this long letter, and when the superior came into the room I did not hear her.

"Father Alexander, Bessie knows it all. I told her what was in that letter, and she is as radiant as an angel; won't you go to her, Father? She wept with joy and excitement, but she is calm now."

I went to Bessie's bedside. It was true. Her face was angelic, her soft, dark eyes were full of heavenly light, and her delicate face was rosy with joy. I never saw a face more beautiful—she seemed more of heaven than of earth.

"Oh, Father Alexander!" she cried; "God has been so good to me. Charlie has come back, and we will both be home together. "Father," she said solemnly, "I have nothing more to do now; I hope I'll go home soon. Bring our Lord to me and anoint me."

I was startled, but I would not show it. I said:

"You are excited, Bessie; you must await God's will. He has indeed been good to you. Won't you stay with us and offer your thanksgiving to Him?"

"I cannot," she said; "my mission is ended. My heart longs to see my Lord and tell Him my gratitude."

"Well then, Bessie, tomorrow I will bring our Lord to you, and if you are worse I will anoint you."

"Thank you, Father," she said, simply.

I went on my round of duty, but try as I would, I could not keep my thoughts away from Bessie. They told me her sufferings that night were excruciating. She bore them with sweetness, almost with joy. Now and then she would say